

commonweal



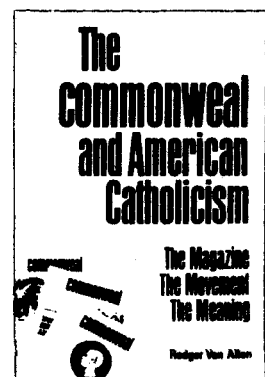
TERROR BY COMPUTER

GARY MacEOIN

ST CHARLES SEM LIB
12-74
N-12097
CARTHAGENA STA
CELENA OH 45822

COMMONWEAL AT 50
JOHN TRACY ELLIS

MICHAEL NOVAK STEVE ADUBATO, TELLY SAVALAS
SISYPHUS NOTES ON THE BICENTENNIAL
MICHAEL TRUE LATINIZING WEST ROXBURY
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. THE SMALL SLEEP
NICOLAUS MILLS AMERICA'S POOR LAWS
MARK TAYLOR TWO IN ONE
TOM McHANEY MAN OF YOKNAPATAWPHA



NEWS & VIEWS

Alive and Well

Since 1884, monograph studies on the Church in early America have been published on a near-annual basis by the United States Catholic Historical Society. The result is an impressive collection of records and of books resurrected from oblivion; titles such as *Adventures of Alonso: Containing Some Striking Anecdotes of the Present Prime Minister of Portugal*, by Thomas Atwood Digges; *Diary of a Visit to the United States in the Year 1883*, by Charles Lord Russell of Killowen, late Lord Chief Justice of England; *The Founding of Cliff Haven, Early Years of the Catholic Summer School of America*, by James Addison White.

The studies are for specialists and aficionados, obviously, but they are important library items, and long after the dust has collected on traditional Catholic organizations, scholarship will owe a debt to the U.S. Catholic Historical Society for its publications.

The point of all this is to note three reprints that have issued from the Society in the past few months. (The quickened publishing schedule is to catch the Society up on several "dry" years over the past 10.) The books are: *Catholic Footsteps in Old New York*, by William Harper Bennett (1909); *A Brief Sketch of the Early History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York*, by J. R. Bayley (1870); and *The Oxford Movement in America*, by Clarence E. Walworth (1895), the last containing a new introduction written by David O'Brien of Holy Cross College, with commentary by James H. Smylie of Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Va.

The three books, handsomely printed in facsimile edition, have been sent gratis, according to custom, to the

Society's membership (330; mostly institutions and libraries). The remainder is available to the public on a first-come basis. *Catholic Footsteps* is priced at \$10; *A Brief Sketch* at \$6.75; *The Oxford Movement* at \$7.50. The books had a press run of 700, so only a limited number is available.

The U.S. Catholic Historical Society is headquartered at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, Yonkers, N.Y., 10704. Membership dues are \$10 a year—the same as it's been for 30 to 40 years.

The Word from Saigon

A newly published document by the Vietnamese Young Christian Workers (J.O.C.) points up some South Vietnam anomalies: 3-million unemployed out of a population of 19 million, with unemployment on the rise; higher and higher prices for essential products, with a crippling of certain important activities; lack of personal security and of normal life near zones contested by former "enemies."

The document speaks of the gravity of the housing situation; working conditions which "overtax the workers' strength"; the workers' lack of education; the inferiority to which their living conditions condemn workers; lack of guarantees for the future of the young; exorbitant loan rates that reduce people to servitude; and profiteering by the business community. The J.O.C. document asks

civil authorities to concern themselves with social justice, and calls upon Church authorities to align themselves on the side of the poor and of the workers.

Finally, the document announces to censored South Vietnam the appearance in Paris—"thanks to the Vietnamese community there"—of an "important" 400-page volume detailing the plight of the 200,000 political prisoners of the Thieu regime. The volume is entitled: *Saigon: a Regime in Question, the Political Prisoners*.

The volume is not expected to circulate in South Vietnam, except through the underground.

Women, Last

Add to the dire food forecasts coming out of India, this disturbing note: because of the Indian tradition of preference for males, females will be the last fed if and when the food emergency reaches cataclysmic proportions. So writes William J. Drummond from New Delhi in the *Los Angeles Times*.

Says Drummond: "As the United States government considers giving aid to India, curtailed since the Indo-Pakistan War of 1971, it must decide whether it will intervene in India's food crisis to save the lives of women and children, or whether it will let the ancient selection ritual take its course."

Drummond comments that "at least one-third of India's population would be vulner-

able to decline in their nutritional well-being in a food deficit."

"The task of preventing it, even for children, would be awesome," he concludes.

A Chesterton Society

At the recent Chesterton conference at Spode House in England, it was decided to form a Chesterton Society with the object of promoting interest in G.K.C. and his work.

Ian Boyd is acting as editor of a Chesterton newsletter, and is anxious to hear from anyone who has information about any aspect of Chestertonian studies that might be of interest to the society. His address: St. Thomas More College, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Odds and Ends

—The cut-back at last in CIA activities in Thailand and Laos has turned loose on the job market an assortment of curious specialists, including many persons from Air America, the CIA-run airline. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, Air America is looking for jobs for flight crews "experienced in mountain operations" and executives "used to dealing with diverse nationalities."

—Satirist Art Buchwald at the Holy Cross College commencement: "The word is out in Washington that Father John McLaughlin has resigned as a White House aide and is coming to Holy Cross to accept a chair in situation ethics." (Flip side: Buchwald turned back his \$1,500 honorarium, "for a kid who has blown his scholarship and needs a second chance.")

—Boston theologian Richard P. McBrien in rejecting the proposition that the primary task of Catholic theologians is defense of pronouncements by popes and bishops: "We are not the Church's Ron Zieglers."

JOHN DEEDY



Logical Survivor

CORRESPONDENCE



Values or Myths?

Tougaloo, Miss.

To the Editors: Victor Ferkiss, in his review [May 3] of two recent books which use, in his view mistakenly, Freudian bases for their cultural critique, alludes casually to Judaeo-Christian values as a "myth," implying that people who understand history and think independently can readily see that there are no such values.

It is possible that Mr. Ferkiss thinks of "values" exclusively in ethical and political terms, and therefore feels able to disregard the obvious fact that the Christian doctrine of God as both transcendent and historically engaged is derived from the similar Jewish conception. If esthetic values, even as they bear upon the processes of forming, developing, and perpetuating a community, are not "values" in his sense, then the roles of the Psalms, the Passover meal, the synagogue scripture services, the Jewish modes of thanksgiving and blessing, etc., in the formation of the Christian liturgies and Christian cultures, can perhaps be ignored. It is not easy, however, to see how he can similarly dismiss the influence of the wisdom literature or the prophets of the Jewish Scriptures, the ways in which the Patriarchs, judges, prophets, and other heroes of ancient Israel were and are taken as models for Christian behavior, or the role of rabbinic casuistry in the development of the Christian kinds.

Loose thinkers, or rather thoughtless propagandists, no doubt speak as though "Judaeo-Christian" were a label to be applied to some universally acceptable and internally consistent set of ideals. There are tensions, not all of which can be described simply by putting Jewish thought on one side and Christian on the other. Hyphenated terms for cultural phenomena ought, perhaps, consistently to be interpreted as implying tension and conflict as well as continuity and mutual influence. We

(Continued on page 413)

NEWS & VIEWS: 394

EDITORIALS: 395

CORRESPONDENCE: 395

WASHINGTON REPORT: Notes on the Bicentennial: Sisyphus 396

STEVE ADUBATO, TELLY SAVALAS: Michael Novak 398

CHILE: TERROR BY COMPUTER: Gary MacEoin 399

THE LATINIZATION OF WEST ROXBURY: Michael True 403

VERSE: Mary Oliver 402; Edmund Pennant 408

THE SCREEN: Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr. 405

COMMONWEAL AT 50: John Tracy Ellis 406

AMERICA'S POOR LAWS: Nicolaus Mills 409

BOOKS: Mark Taylor, Tom McHaney 410

ILLUSTRATIONS: Front cover: Chile drawing: Chevron/LNS

JAMES O'GARA: Editor

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: Associate Editor

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: Movies

BRIAN WICKER: Great Britain

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: Rome

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: Publisher

JOHN DEEDY: Managing Editor

ANNE ROBERTSON: Editorial Assistant

JOHN FANDEL: Poetry

ALAIN WOODROW: Paris

JOHN COONEY: Dublin

JOHN BRUBAKER: Advertising Manager

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.

Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

Printed in the USA and published weekly,

except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,

by Commonwealth Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Murray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1974 Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc.

US and Canada: \$15 a year. Foreign \$17. Single copies 50c

THE NEW RESPONSIBILITY

The events of the past two weeks and their interpretation in the press have rapidly begun to come together, to form a pattern and offer some mid-summer hope that we may be about to restore some sense and justice to our government. Former Chief Justice Earl Warren died, and Eric Sevareid commented that the nation had lost one more from its "diminished stock" of great men. But this "stock" is not like a limited supply of vintage wine on a shelf waiting to be uncorked and consumed; one of the graces of democracy is that once any leader has fallen, more who share his spirit arise from the people to continue his work. Before the echoes of the Fourth of July speeches and editorials had faded away, *Time* magazine published a special issue on America's search for new leadership and added a list of 200 young (under 45) men and women who had made a social impact and promise to make more. And *Newsweek* visited the Watergate convicts—the promising young men of a few years ago—in their minimum security prisons. Meanwhile, Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski stood before the Supreme Court dressed in street clothes rather than formal attire to dramatize his status as spokesman for the people as he argued that the President is not above the law. Then, across town, a Washington jury found John Ehrlichman guilty of conspiracy and perjury in the Ellsberg break-in in a decision that—since it rests on the principle that an official is responsible for the acts of his subordinates—could be very threatening to President Nixon. Finally the House Judiciary Committee published 4,132 pages of evidence, the raw material for its recommendations for the House, and the Senate Watergate Committee released its final report with 35 recommendations for legislative and institutional change.

Taken together these are signs of political and cultural change that could transform what has so far been a quiet—even sluggish—summer into a watershed season in our history. A historian may well call it the season of responsibility—the time when a cross section of the people began to understand the place of individual responsibility in the political process.

President Nixon came into office running against the record of the Warren Court, determined to remake the Court in his own image and, if possible, reverse the landmark decisions that had undermined the school segregation,

Commonweal: 395

broken rural control of the state legislatures, and protected the individual rights of persons arrested and accused of crimes. But the Congress and the courts resisted his plans. The Senate refused to confirm his worst nominees to the Supreme Court, the Warren decisions still stand, and Warren the man remains a symbol of what Nixon never had—trust.

As the impeachment vote draws near and as fall elections approach, the touchstone the people use to evaluate those who would be their new leaders should be the individual's attitude toward personal responsibility. For one of the healthiest results, from the point of view of public morality, of the Watergate exposure is the discrediting of the ethical climate in which a group of men swept along by the arrogance of power felt that their own words and deeds—because they were in the service of the Chief—had no ethical repercussions: they were not just above the law but in another space and time zone altogether. The basic meaning of Emerson's maxim that whoever would be a man must be a "nonconform-

ist" was lost as they tacked the new First and Greatest Commandment over the gate of the Executive Office Building: "Thou shalt get ahead by going along." They appropriated only the clichés of the American dream. They said "law and order" with as much comprehension as talking magpies. They accumulated the trappings of success and public approval: beach houses, golf carts, the company of Jack Benny and Sammy Davis, Jr. But now, in what James A. Wechsler has appropriately termed a "grotesque parody" of the "law and order" hysteria that Nixon and his entourage rode to power, the basic institutions of justice—through the juries, grand juries and uncorrupted civic officials—are turning on those who would have perverted them and telling us that the people still rule and that each man must ultimately stand alone before the bar of justice, where nothing can save him but his integrity and nothing can condemn him but his guilt. Thus Jeb Magruder, who saw his own life as typically "American," may still be playing outdoor and indoor tennis; but he's playing it in jail.

WASHINGTON REPORT

NOTES ON THE BICENTENNIAL

Ring out the Old, ring in the New World
—a topographical correction.

Columbus seeks a new passage; the Pilgrim Fathers
sail westward
and land near Route 128. They first fall upon their
knees and
('tis rumored) then fall upon the Indians.

The Continent smells of musketry—Wounded Knee,
Homestead and Kent State.

Woodstein writes that the Emperor wears none.
The Republic is knocked askew on its
red-white-and-blue pedestal.
Its celebrants snarl at each issue of *Time*
and still insist that Ron Ziegler speaks truly.

This country wants another Cherry Tree legend.

Where are those certitudes of home and church?
McGuffey's Reader, Eddie Guest and
Norman Vincent somebody.
Where are the rosy homilies of yesteryear?
"Arma virumque cano."

The American Tentative Society's dues are

loss of memory.

Forget Jack Armstrong is dead;
Bob Hope's retiring, and
Arthur Murray's studios are subject to
the Consumer Protection Act.
There's pot in barracks, but sergeants look away.
Two Yankee players swap wives
in the "House that Ruth Built."

Pollyanna, say it ain't so.

"Over there!" But Saigon isn't Paris.
Lacks those Cohan lyrics.
The French had a word for it—Dien Bien Phu.
Vietnam—our war by stealth unto 56,162 GI dead.
More was sunk in the Tonkin Gulf than gun-boats
(LBJ, 1908-1973).

The Nation's in traction, Ann Landers chats
—compound delusions.

Burns contradicts Debs; Friedman Marx; and
Galbraith God.
In real life, Randolph, Chavez and Dorothy Day labor.
W. Reuther's life nearly ebbs on his kitchen floor.

26 July 1974: 396

His blue-collars shackled by shifts—
except at Lordstown.

GNP recipes entice, but no first helping for us all.

Politics is an ancient and honorable adventure,
summons JFK.

For example, Joe McCarthy became venturesome
Marshalled his troops and, Wheeling about, summoned
you and me.

Joe couldn't tell who were Right—only who were Left.

Assassination is as American as apple pie.

Enter the lists, you knights-errant, and try this trade.
Raise your voices and impersonate a politician—
Do unto others as they would unto you—but first.
Juniority may then topple seniority.

A few are good losers; others lobby
or become SEC chairmen.

One knight-errant fed on suspicions
—three squares a day.

Dick grew strong and went to the White House.
He brought carbons of himself; now,
they've all dirty hands—
not Fr. McLaughlin, S.J. He wears
monogrammed hair-shirts.

The 1984 Presidential oath reads: "Nolo Episcopari."

Achtung, Watergate! Go abroad, but is grass
greener there, even if it costs less in the Village?
Garçon, une verre de. Civis Americanus Sum.
Mon vieux, your credit card is my insecurity.

Gordon Liddy and la Sûreté are
brothers under the skin.

Travel farther, then, on your Mission to Moscow
where Oliver Twist's bowl is to be refilled.
Join John Reed under the Kremlin—west of
Gulag Archipelago.

Mao's blooming blossoms have communal foundations,
not feelings.

"Dreaming of systems so perfect that
no one needs to be good."

Via Finland Station, come home.

The zoning's bad, but
with a little bit of Help
Moansday's medicant is Choseday's prince.
A new McGovern Commission to let America be
—and become.

One cheer for Democracy will do for now.

Summon the Old World to redress the New.
A distant Disraeli settling in at 1600 Downing Street.
Don't move yet, Henry, from your perch
on Golan Heights.

Paris is worth a Mass,
but the W.H. a Constitutional amendment?

America is oldest, G. Stein warns, first to
enter the 20th.

No exemption for campus Prufrocks in white-flannels
eating peaches upon (oil-slicked) beaches and
angrywhipped by muddlecraass critics
De Jimmie Joyce nil nisi bunkum.

The Paper Chase prohibits recycling of diplomas.

Fewer highways to the stars; more pathways
to understanding.
No federal funds; box your own compass.
Poet wrote: only Man says prayers—or needs to.
Even Voltaire, no Jesus-freak he.

He (not Voltaire) is the only living Generalist.

Fairness is a good thing. Let's begin with
one's right to privacy—including Martha's.
Ma Bell doesn't have to know all. Pull her plugs;
tax her knowledge to aid jobless eavesdroppers.

A post-Constitutional age is America's
darkness-at-noon.

Convert into an Alamo; barricade the
back door (to avoid temptation); stand in the front
with higher gaze than George Corley Wallace.
Here's a Republic, if you can keep it,
B. Franklin said.

"A salesman is got to dream, boy.
It comes with the territory."

—SISYPHUS

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 9, August 23, September 6 and September 20. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

STEVE ADUBATO, TELLY SAVALAS

MICHAEL NOVAK

Recently in Newark an election of major significance was not sufficiently remarked by the press. What many of us have been calling "the new ethnicity" met an important test. Mayor Kenneth Gibson, a black, was seeking re-election for a second term and, although the city has a substantial black majority, the black voter turnout is customarily low and Gibson was in trouble. His opposition was Tony Imperiale, a much shrewder and tougher political organizer than his press image as a demagogue suggests.

As it turned out, the key to the election was neither Mayor Gibson nor Mr. Imperiale. One low-keyed active figure was Steve Adubato, a Democratic leader of the North Ward, the Italian section of an almost entirely black city. The Italian voters of the North Ward do vote. With others, Adubato helped convince 20-30 percent of them to vote for Mayor Gibson rather than for Mr. Imperiale.

For four years now, Adubato has worked with Mayor Gibson. Each takes pains to fulfill any word he gives the other. Neither has yet given the other cause for mistrust. It is a plus that they also like each other, visit each other often. And that they do not talk liberal talk. They do not appeal for brotherhood, morality, or other fine sentiments. They try to talk about concrete needs and actions, when they talk business, to give their relationship the ring of hard reliability.

Adubato helped convince many Italian Americans to vote for Mayor Gibson out of a kind of shrewd self-interest. If we Italians leave Newark, he said, Newark will be all black. Given the institutional racism of American life, Newark will be treated like a reservation. Neither Mayor Gibson nor other intelligent black leaders want that. Therefore, enlight-

ened black leadership faces a test: how will they deal with the white minority? If they want us to stay, they will have to treat us well. Gibson will have to listen to us. If we vote for Imperiale, he will have to take us for granted; he'll have to prove himself in the other parts of the city; he'll ignore us. It's to our advantage, realities being what they are, to support Gibson.

Without the margin provided by whites, Gibson would have lost the election. A black mayor was retained in part by the white ethnic Italian American voters of the North Ward. (In 1972, Adubato delivered a record 10,000 vote plurality in the North Ward to keep Pete Rodino in office; for the Italian-American votes he delivered for Mayor Gibson against Tony Imperiale, he will no doubt face some political rough water.) Adubato's success is an especially clear example of the new ethnicity, for three reasons. First, he did not direct the vote along superficial ethnic lines (like the old ethnicity) but along the lines of real interest: who will best meet the concrete needs of working class white ethnic neighborhoods.

Second, for five years, Adubato has woven into his political organizing cultural motifs. He has tried to sharpen his people's awareness of themselves as Italian Americans, with an identity, tradition, needs and resources of their own. The morale of young people in the North Ward, he felt, was even worse than that of young blacks; the latter at least had a firm identity as blacks. The Italian Americans did not feel either quite Italian or quite American; they could not ignore the slight silent contempt falling upon their heads from almost every quarter.

Thirdly, Adubato's work represents the new ethnicity by giving a taste

of political effectiveness, by building leadership, by developing new practical strategies, by achieving a firm political base—all this at the most critical point in American society, in neighborhoods where white and black need each other if either is to survive. What concrete institutions must be available to keep a neighborhood stable, attractive, and happy with itself? bakeries? cheese and wine shops? good produce markets? funds for small businesses? churches? cultural organizations? political cadres? schools? banks that invest in the neighborhood, not outside it? realtors who generate confidence rather than fear? a fair break from the media? a legitimate share of the resources of government designated to aid minorities of all sorts?

There is another feature about the new ethnicity, in Newark and elsewhere, that deserves notice. Telly Savalas of *Kojak* exemplifies it rather brilliantly. ("Kojak" is a lousy name for an actor who is plainly Greek, just as "Bunker" is a misleading name for a man as Irish as Carroll O'Connor. What do the "creative people" of television know about ethnic cues?)

Telly Savalas as "Kojak" observes the differences between roles and persons, between rules and circumstances. He meets every situation subtly and with nuance, seeing in persons and situations the odd angles that ideologues and puritans tend not to see. His world is a personal world, and he sees persons; it is not an objective or bureaucratic world. *Kojak* is just another TV adventure show, but it is the first one truly to attempt to convey a Southern European sensibility, a moral and political instinct quite different from that of Anglo-American detectives. (A good appreciation of Savalas' artistry appears in a recent issue of *Esquire*.)

(Continued on page 415)

CHILE: TERROR BY COMPUTER

GARY MacEOIN

A systematic elimination of progressive leaders is underway

Killings with and without the benefit of court-martial continue in Chile nine months after the overthrow of President Allende, but the counterrevolution seems to be settling into what may be called the computer phase. Every Chilean with any record of political activity is being dossierled and evaluated, a process that may end in death, imprisonment, exile, permanent exclusion from employment, loss of pension and other social rights, or simply continued surveillance.

The computer establishes categories. Some months back, all Chileans who had spent three months or more in Cuba at any time were rounded up. Later came the group who had been two months in Cuba, and after that those who had spent one month there.

Where did the Chilean investigators get the information, since many of the victims had not traveled directly from Chile? A study of many known facts carries the trail back to the United States and suggests that somewhere in Washington is a central storehouse of information about everyone who travels anywhere in the world, a bank into which the political police of "friendly countries" can plug.

One Chilean lady was recently warned by friends in Chile not to return home. She had flown from a third country to the United States, then traveled extensively inside the United States on domestic flights, and her itinerary had been flashed back to the Chilean police who meanwhile had arrested her husband.

Another verified recent case is that of an Argentine student refused entry to Brazil. The political police there had a full list of students, of whom he was one, who

attended a Lutheran youth conference in Germany judged seditious by the Brazilians. As their plane had not touched Brazil, a central source is again indicated.

For North Americans pursuing their lawful concerns such stories of the thousand-eyed Big Daddy are disturbing. For Chileans, the international espionage system means not only violation of elementary human rights but the possibility of torture leading to death or exile.

The emerging picture is that of a plan to eliminate by killing or exile the entire intellectual leadership of all progressive forces in Chile, thus facilitating long-term control of a leaderless proletariat. It is a repetition but on a vastly bigger scale of the Russian slaughter of Polish leaders in the Katyn Forest in 1941.

Joel Gajardo typifies the process. Dr. Gajardo is one of Latin America's leading Protestant theologians, long the principal ideologist for ISAL (Church and Society in Latin America), the hemispheric organization of socially progressive Protestants. A prominent member of Christians for Socialism headed by Jesuit Gonzalo Arroyo, he escaped from Chile after Allende's overthrow. He returned almost immediately, convinced that he should continue to give leadership. The computer has caught up with him. He was jailed a month ago with a Methodist colleague, has now been exiled. He is in Argentina at the time of writing.

The Chicago Commission of Inquiry which visited Chile in February has provided confirmation of this trend. Representing a broad spectrum of political views and religious beliefs, it was both thorough and scientific in its work.

The Commission estimates 80,000 people were detained in a 6-month period, with more than 18,000 of them still held in January. It compiled a list of over

GARY MACEOIN is the author most recently of *No Peaceful Way: The Chilean Struggle for Dignity* (Sheed & Ward).

250 detainees who had "disappeared." Proceedings in the military courts are arbitrary and capricious, it said. The use of torture continues. The news media have reported many hundreds of people killed "while attempting to escape."

Various sources informed the Chicago Commission that United States and Brazilian torture equipment was being used. Methods of torture include "electric shock applied to various sensitive parts of the body, fingernail extraction, shooting off guns next to the ear—along with more 'conventional' brute methods—beating with gun butts, knife slashing, cigarette burns, sexual molestation and rape."

This report confirms the charges published in January by Amnesty International's mission, which included two California lawyers. It said that political prisoners had been tortured on a large scale, with the help of foreign "experts." Amnesty called for an international tribunal of enquiry into the torture charges.

Dismissals of those believed sympathetic to the Allende regime were estimated at 160,000, plus an unknown number retired prematurely, forfeiting social security and retirement benefits. Blacklisting prevents other employment.

Estimates of executions vary wildly. Vice Minister of Justice Max Silva told the Chicago Commission that some thirty persons had been executed in the early days of the military government, but that there were none now. The Commission identifies Silva as one of several members of the Junta who lied shamelessly to it about easily verifiable facts. One conservative businessman put total deaths at 80,000, but the figure generally offered the Commission was between 20,000 and 25,000.

Elitism

Restoration of the traditional elitist society, the elimination of which was a main goal of the Allende regime, is proceeding rapidly. By holding wages down while letting prices rise, the workers are being squeezed back to the margin of the economy. A typical worker's wage of 18,000 escudos a month enables him to take the bus to and from work (2160 E.), buy 3½ pounds of bread daily (5850 E.), a blouse for his wife (3000 E.), shoes for a child (3000 E.) and make one visit to a doctor (4000 E.). The pound of stewing beef which he bought with the labor of 150 minutes in the 1960s and of 57 minutes under Allende has rocketed altogether out of his orbit.

The visit to the private doctor has become necessary in emergency because of a sharp cut-back in free health facilities. A third (6000) of the doctors and nurses have been fired, and 40 percent (18,000) of other public health workers. The School of Public Health, one of the most prestigious in Latin America, has lost 70 of its 120 staff members.

Elitism has also been restored to the education system, coupled with heavy indoctrination designed to glorify the military regime, with stress on discipline, cleanliness, obedience and wearing of school uniforms. The education minister is an admiral whose specialization is combat communications, torpedoes and sonar. The new head of St. George's, a progressive high school formerly run by Holy Cross priests, is the gymnastics teacher. Twenty percent of all Education Ministry employees have been fired.

Confirming many earlier reports, the Chicago Commission found that "the embassy of the United States seems to have made no serious efforts to protect the American citizens present in Chile during and after the military takeover." It refused to aid Charles Horman, sending him to the local police and to his death. It gave asylum to nobody. Those seeking refuge in the United States are still being rejected if judged to have leftist sympathies. No concerted effort was ever made to find out what happened to Frank Teruggi. When his father presented evidence that he was tortured and killed in the Santiago studium, Consul Frederick Purdy (elsewhere identified as a CIA agent) "seemed surprised, confused, defensive." Ambassador David H. Popper's concern was that Mr. Teruggi might present the embassy in a bad light when he returned to the United States.

The slaughter would undoubtedly have been vastly greater if all embassies had denied asylum, as the United States and Britain did. More than four thousand people were in fact sheltered and almost all later given safe-conducts to leave Chile. The most hospitable embassies were Argentina, Mexico, France, Panama, Sweden, Italy, Venezuela and West Germany.

One major worry of the Junta is the persistence of a negative image all round the world. Even in the United States, in spite of Administration efforts to downplay the issues, public opinion continues to be aroused. CoDoC (Cooperation in Documentation and Communication) has published a catalog of more than a thousand bibliographical entries from primary sources in 24 countries documenting the "international repudiation of the Chilean Junta." Several hundred are from United States sources. CoDoC is located in Washington, D.C. and is fed by church-related centers in various countries, including IDOC in Rome, CENCOS in Mexico City and MIEC in Lima, Peru. It exchanges information on Third World problems to help promote "a world of justice, participation and liberty."

Concern in the United States is focusing on violations of human rights and international law, with ad-hoc groups sprouting across the country, from the Fair Trial Committee for Chilean Political Prisoners in Corvallis, Oregon, to Lawyers Committee on Chile in New York. This New York group last month sent two members, Martin Garbus and Ira M. Lowe, to report on the first public trials of Allende's aides, trials suspended after

some days of hearings. Mr. Garbus said on returning that they believe that the Junta "cannot constitutionally hold these trials in a military court and cannot charge these defendants" with crimes that were not crimes when committed. He reported that "several thousand persons suspected of opposition" were arrested as the trials opened, and that numerous trials were being held in secret while the "show" trial was going on. Also in Chile at that time was a 6-woman delegation of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (Philadelphia), headed by Vice-President Katherine Camps.

The International Commission of Jurists, which speaks for lawyers of almost all countries of the world outside the socialist orbit, has issued a preliminary report which is extremely harsh. Its authors are Niall MacDermot,



the Commission's secretary-general; Professor Kurt Madlener of the Max Planck Institute, Freiburg, Germany; and Professor Covey T. Oliver, of the University of Pennsylvania, former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America.

A preliminary statement issued by this mission in mid-May charged that political prisoners were still being subjected to "various forms of ill-treatment, sometimes amounting to severe torture," and that the ill-treatment was "carried out systematically by some of those responsible for interrogation."

The decision of the British Labor Government to suspend aid came as a hard blow for the Junta, and the hostile campaign in the Scandinavian countries continues full throttle. Italy still withholds diplomatic recognition, and elsewhere in the European Economic Community the Junta has few backers. The election of a rightist President in France is some small solace, but the strength of the Left ensures that France will not switch sides.

As for Latin America, Mexico has withdrawn its ambassador. The Venezuelan Senate recently approved a motion supported by senators of varied political hues. It condemned the Junta and called for the withdrawal of the ambassador in Santiago. The new Venezuelan President is not expected to go so far, but the Senate's stand will force him to keep at arm's length.

The Junta's claim that all this world opposition is a

gigantic Communist plot has been weakened still further by the statement of the Chilean bishops. What is most remarkable is the change within the hierarchy. While the statement indicates continuing internal conflict, a majority that at Christmas was seeking to placate the Junta is now in open and seemingly insoluble conflict with it.

The earlier document came from the standing committee of the bishops and was signed by Bishop Carlos Oviedo Cavada, secretary general of the bishops' conference. In sycophantic terms, it defended every action of the Junta, insisting that it was promoting "true social progress," that it had created "a civic order which permitted the normal functioning of all the activities of the citizens," and that there was overwhelming approval of the people.

Unemployment, it said, was down to five percent, and falling. This figure was simply unbelievable in the light of the wholesale dismissals. In their recent statement, the bishops say these dismissals are continuing and they deplore the high unemployment. The Chicago Report estimated it at 20 percent.

Similarly disconcerting for the Junta has been the unenthusiastic response of the global corporations and the international financial community. These were the groups whose promotion of the economic blockade played a decisive part in destroying Allende. It was assumed that they would give preferential treatment to the Junta.

The economic blockade was, of course, ended immediately. And after some considerable negotiating, the accumulated debts were renegotiated, easing immediate pressure on foreign exchange by extending the repayment period. Lines of credit to finance current imports were re-established by United States banks. But the expected investment in economic expansion did not materialize.

The reason for this development, which bodes ill indeed for Chile, must be sought in the context of the world economic order now coming into existence. This was a major subject of discussion at a seminar recently held in Amsterdam under the auspices of the Transnational Institute, a European affiliate of the Washington-based Institute for Policy Studies.

The sixty participants included six Chileans who had been active in the Allende coalition, several Brazilians and Argentines, six from the United States, others from England, France, Holland, Italy, Norway, Germany, Sweden, Spain, Algeria and Pakistan. All identify with social change, ranging on the political spectrum from Eugene McCarthy to people like André Gunder Franck who regard the Communist Party as having mired down in bourgeois revisionism.

It was the consensus of this group that the Nixon-Kissinger policies had achieved a division of the world into spheres of influence, clearly defined as between the

West and Soviet Russia, gradually jelling with China also. The basic understanding was that the socialist advances in the Russian and Chinese spheres were irreversible, but neither Russia nor China would promote their expansionism in the West, just as the United States and its allies would refrain from making mischief across the dividing lines.

For the United States and the European "haves," the benefits are obvious. They have a free hand to maintain and develop their own system of exploitation. In addition, they are offered attractive new markets for their technology and its advanced products in return for raw materials from the Soviet bloc and China, raw materials now desperately needed. Russia and China in turn get the technology for new leaps forward, technology which their systems have proved incapable of generating.

Within the West, a 3-tier system of exploitation is emerging, one so highly organized and efficiently policed that the possibility of breaking out of it without massive Russian or Chinese support (now denied) is remote. At the top is the United States surrounded by the advanced nations which participate in its hegemony; at a second level, the subimperial states of Brazil, Indonesia, South Africa, the Philippines and Iran.

The characteristic of the subimperial states is industrial growth without social change, a system which Brazilian political scientist Hélio Jaguaribe has called fascism. It is fascist because it restricts the benefits of progress to the oligarchy and the global companies. The "Brazilian miracle" saw an increase in the percentage of the gross domestic product enjoyed by the richest one percent of Brazilians from 11.5 to 18.2 in a decade, while the share of the poorest 50 percent fell from 17.8 to 14.3 percent. It is colonial because it depends "on the West in general and on the United States in particular, due to its need for foreign assistance and foreign markets."

The function of the subimperial states is to extend the markets and the industrial base of the global companies headquartered in the United States, the EEC and Japan, by providing cheap labor and raw materials. Their output is in turn exported to the third tier of "client states" in return for their raw materials, mineral and agricultural, thus escaping from Henry Ford's dilemma of having to pay his workers enough to enable them to buy his cars.

Chile, with a population of a mere ten million, and lacking natural and geographic advantages, has no role other than that of client state within this world economy. Here the future was already anticipated in January with a credit from Brazil to buy medical supplies and a hundred fire engines.

To pay for these industrial imports, Chile has practically nothing to offer but copper, a metal whose price fluctuates wildly and which is particularly sensitive to the world recession that many see in the offing. The

Junta is madly trying to coax oil companies in to explore, letting them write their own tickets. Meanwhile, it has to take the copper companies back on face-saving terms, but always on the understanding that the sophisticated processing will continue to be done outside Chile.

Chileans have a tradition of political activity and involvement, and few of them seem yet to realize that they have painted themselves into a corner. Most naive of all are the Christian Democrats who think they can reverse history and go back to a pre-Allende situation. General Pinochet was more realistic when he answered their call for more democracy by saying there was no prospect of elections for at least five years.

Here the experience of Brazil may be significant. Brazil's tradition was much less democratic than that of Chile, and the sector of the population which lived outside the money economy and the political system was far bigger. Yet even in Brazil, each attempt during the past decade to democratize the system quickly revealed such discontent that the lid of repression had to be clamped on. The economy now proposed for Chile calls for the exclusion of four million Chileans from the economic process as superfluous to the labor needs, leaving them to fend for themselves like beasts. That can be done only by naked repression, the level of which must grow in proportion to the frustrations and hates it creates. The Nixon-Kissinger world order, nevertheless, provides no alternatives.



MARY OLIVER

ENTERING THE KINGDOM

The crows see me.
They stretch their glossy necks
In the tallest branches
Of green trees. I am
Entering the kingdom.

The dream of my life
Is to lie down by a slow river
And stare at the light in the trees—
To learn something by being nothing
A little while but the rich
Lens of attention.

But the crows puff their feathers and cry
Between me and the sun,
And I should go now.
They know me for what I am.
No dreamer,
No eater of leaves.

THE LATINIZATION OF WEST ROXBURY

MICHAEL TRUE

The way it was

It was a scene right out of Brian Moore's *Catholics*: "Latin. The communion bell . . . altar boys saying the Latin responses . . . The old way." And after the Last Gospel: three Hail Marys, Hail Holy Queen, and the prayer to St. Michael the Archangel.

The Chapel of SS. Roger and Mary is small, white, and recently refurbished—the painting and restoration of a former Mennonite church done by members of the congregation. Here, since October 11, 1973, Father John J. Keane, a priest of the Boston archdiocese, has said Mass in Latin, according to the rite prescribed by the Council of Trent (hence Tridentine) every Sunday and daily, at 5 p.m., during last Lent.

I had called Father Keane in order to arrange to speak with him before Mass. Since I had read almost none of the newspaper and magazine accounts about him beforehand, nor heard the many radio and television programs devoted to his ministry, we dealt with basic and, for him, much-discussed matters. He was patient, explicit and candid about most of the historical and theological questions, including the Cardinal-Archbishop's statement in the diocesan newspaper, asking the faithful, "both clergy and laity, to assist me in my earnest efforts to effect a reconciliation with this brother priest and to refrain from any hasty and unkind judgments against him."

There is little question that the Archdiocese of Boston would be happy to see Father Keane (shades of Father Feeney) disappear. Neither the Chancery nor the offices of the *Pilot*, the diocesan newspaper, were especially anxious to help me locate him, for example. But almost everyone else knows about Father Keane; he receives calls asking for information about the Tridentine Mass every day, and each week new people join the group. Many of them are "people who have stayed away from Mass for several years," he said.

A former Marine and ex-professional football player, Father Keane sees his ministry as a response to a specific need, and he will continue to say the Tridentine Mass, in spite of considerable opposition and criticism from fellow clergy, "as long as there is one person who wishes to hear it."

The congregation's need for a building of their own

in the Boston suburbs (on the Dedham-West Roxbury line) was prompted by the general popularity of the Latin Mass and by people's response from throughout the metropolitan area, as far south as Providence, Rhode Island, and as far north as New Hampshire. The regular attendance at the two Masses on Sunday numbers over two hundred and on weekdays during Lent about thirty—a sizable congregation in these days of declining membership and fewer weekly communicants. The members of the congregation whom I spoke with expressed general dissatisfaction with the "new" Mass, in English or in Latin. They left their regular parishes for personal and theological reasons in order to join Father Keane, a man, they say, who is not afraid to talk about "sin and hell" or to fight for the preservation of devotions that they regard as central to Catholicism. Like Father Keane, the people regard the "corruption" of the Mass as primarily the work of the American bishops, who, in 1971, issued a mandate for the adoption of the form now used in most parishes. A further letter to U.S. bishops on May 19, 1973, singled out the Missal of Pope Paul VI as the only approved text. The Tridentine rite, decreed in 1570, is out, except in extraordinary circumstances, and "must be used in such a way as not to be harmful to pastoral unity."

In returning to the Tridentine form, Father Keane regards himself, nonetheless, as a moderate. In spite of his use of Latin, altar cards, and bells, and of his insistence on facing the altar instead of the people, he reads the Gospel, Epistle, and prayers for special intentions and the Souls in Purgatory in English; but he is partial to many of the older devotions, especially Benediction, and—according to a sign at the front of the chapel—to the rosary, to novenas honoring St. Francis and the Miraculous Medal. The chapel itself is named for the Blessed Virgin Mary and for an Englishman, Blessed Roger Dickenson, who suffered martyrdom in 1591 when he refused to abandon the Roman Catholic rite in favor of the Anglican form.

In many of the matters related to his special ministry, Father Keane's position appears to be well-grounded. He counts, for example, on the support of the Apostolic Delegate and of other Church authorities in Europe who are sympathetic to the older forms. One member of his congregation, a graduate student in chemistry at Lowell Tech, will study for the priesthood next year

MICHAEL TRUE is an associate professor of English at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass.

at the International Seminary of Pius X, in Valais, Switzerland. He regards that seminary as a kind of training ground for clergy committed to the preservation of the Tridentine rite, and two young priests return to Detroit from there this summer to strengthen the network of American Clergy devoted to the Old Mass.

It is clear also that the success of SS. Roger and Mary Chapel and the existence of similar conservative communities throughout the United States suggest a movement within the Catholic Church that has theological implications. Father Keane himself flies to Albany, N.Y., each week to say a Tridentine Mass for a group there, and his congregation stays in touch with groups such as the Society for the Preservation of the Mass, in nearby Somerville, Mass., and others in Connecticut, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York City. Their basic theological position is that the New Mass plays down any references to Jesus as God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. They look, generally, to the past as a more "religious" time, and are opposed to the "secular" practices since Vatican II (the removal of statues, votive lights, and similar regalia and paraphernalia). One of the big events at the Chapel of SS. Roger and Mary was the restoration of the communion rail, in time for Easter Sunday celebrations. And half of the congregation stayed after the Mass which I attended to make preparations for the elaborate, traditional festivities of Holy Thursday.

As a cradle Catholic, brought up in similar one-room frame churches in Southwest Oklahoma, I must admit that the spirit and the actual physical structure were a welcome relief from the standard urban New England fare: those fancy, ersatz cathedrals, furnished in upper middle-class living room (two-tone ivory walls, aquamarine, wall-to-wall carpet, and high gloss imitation marble). And besides, I could make the Latin responses, *Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam*, without thing-ing! One expected to turn around and see the happy ghost of Evelyn Waugh or Flannery O'Connor in the pew behind.

The Old Mass has something of the fascination and interest that many Catholics felt for the New Mass when it first appeared (the guitars, bongos, an occasional dialogue homily) during a time of trial-and-error in the early 1960s. It has all the appeal, in other words, of an experiment that is slightly suspect, the aura one heard about in catechism classes that early Christians felt hiding away in the catacombs or meeting secretly for worship in obscure and simple places.

II

My point in emphasizing the specific details is to suggest the pastoral significance of the Father Keanes and their congregations—in them one finds, I think, some

suggestions about how and why some Catholics have left the Church and why, for various reasons, they continue to do so. Out of ignorance or laziness, the American hierarchy, with few exceptions, neither offers nor encourages creative alternatives to the present situation. Although Father Keane's solution to the problem of dissatisfaction among Catholics about the New Mass may seem inadequate, for any number of reasons, he will undoubtedly thrive for awhile, like the Pentecostals, in the midst of a dying institution.

As he has clearly pointed out, Father Keane ministers to a particular group. He speaks to a real audience, and he is more than willing to commit himself generously in time, energy and imagination to keep a community of people together: to perform the corporal and spiritual works of mercy in a way that people in a large urban environment are not likely to have seen recently. His group is not unlike those small, evangelical congregations (the Second Baptist Church, the Pleasant Street Methodist Church) that, decades ago, broke away from the Big Church Downtown in order to regain a spirit of simplicity and a closer relationship between minister and people. These small congregations "de-church" society in order to do what needs to be done, to decentralize, and to assert some control over their liturgical practices. In a peculiar and radical sense, they openly challenge the impersonal top-down Chancery management.

At the same time, of course, such congregations reject new, quasi-progressive movements within the Church—an attitude that is, from a political point of view, less attractive than the libertarian spirit they manifest in other ways. In Father Keane's church, there are remnants of a military mentality in his central role as shepherd to the flock and an air of the Chancery in his own decrees. A sign in the community room, where coffee and donuts are shared after Mass, reads: "As of Sunday, April 7, 1974, No more *Political Literature* will be allowed on the tables. Also, there will be no Political Discussions Downstairs. Per Order Father John Keane." Translation: Tridentine Mass, si; Cesar Chavez and Betty Friedan, no!

As a person who would like to see liturgical experiments flourish in a direction away from Father Keane's approach, in an atmosphere of live-and-let-live, I may not like the implications of his authoritarian role as commander-in-chief, as potentate. But as a response to a frozen liturgy in English and a generally impersonal pastoral life, it does offer a human alternative. Working within a paralyzed Church, with clergy and laity almost equally illiterate liturgically, he appears alive and well, by comparison. Thus far, the Chancery seems willing to let him continue—unlike another Boston experimentalist at the other end of the spectrum: Sister Gloria Fitzgerald was forced to resign as co-chaplain at Boston University's Newman House because she conducted a

"service of Christian community" ("News and Views," *Commonweal*, April 26).

At a time when few people even recognize the need for liturgical experiment, for an authentic people-centered celebration; and at a time when the centers for leadership in liturgy (St. Frances Cabrini parish, Minneapolis; the large Midwestern university Newman Centers; St. John's University, Collegeville) no longer exercise significant influence for change, we are left with few alternatives. The greatest threat to liturgical life in the Catholic Church is not a variety of experiments, but an absence of them.

In the drab Catholic landscape, a commitment to a revival of the old forms may be the surest sign of liturgical life that one can find. For the reasons I have indicated, that movement should be taken seriously. Father John Keane is a man, in Karl Shapiro's words, whose "bearing is a school of thought,/But he is not funny and not unimportant."

THE SMALL SLEEP



THE SCREEN

The plot of Roman Polanski's *Chinatown* is a bit like that old Abbott and Costello routine "Who's on first." ("Who's on first?" "That's right: Who's on first, What's on second," etc.) The film is a 1930s *mélange* of double-talk, double-crosses, double dealing and double trouble. There's also a *Doppelgänger* of sorts, Evelyn, who one day hires J. J. Gittes (Jack Nicholson), an L.A. private eye specializing in divorces, to nail her husband. When the real Evelyn (Faye Dunaway) turns up after J. J. has done the job, J. J. happens to be in the middle of an ethnic shaggy-dog story, about how the Chinese make love, and this episodic, punch-line-less joke is a preview of the coming attraction. Except in one regard, of course. As you may have noticed already, unlike the joke, this movie is not about Chinatown. But then that Abbott and Costello routine isn't really about baseball either.

Polanski's idea is that all of Los Angeles is a Chinatown. Chinatown is just an inscrutable metaphor here. Everywhere J. J. turns he finds duplicity, conspiracy and evil that you just never would have thought white people capable of. J. J. knows because he used to work for the D. A.'s office in Chinatown, where the practice was to look the other way and leave the Chinese to wallow in their crime and corruption. J. J. explains this ethos several times during the movie, but he never catches on that these same rules in force at the bottom of society also apply at the top. Rich WASPs, like poor

Chinamen, are usually left to their own devices.

I wouldn't be surprised if Polanski came by this insight—an insight, in part, into the attitudes of middle-class cops—when he had to suffer through the investigation of his own wife's murder right there in J. J.'s home town. Whatever the case, the formulation Polanski wants to make between the dregs of society and the cream might have inspired a good movie. But *Chinatown* isn't it. Since only half the equation gets into the movie, and we never see how the other half lives, *Chinatown* is just a pretty, kinky period film. All that the Chinese subculture contributes is the double talk, as when Evelyn's Chinese gardener observes that the water in her husband's backyard pond is "bad for glass." J. J. smiles at the man's mispronunciation of grass, but six reels later he does fish out of that pond a piece of glass which solves the murder he's spent the whole film investigating.

The skeleton in *Chinatown*'s closet, or rather the skeleton on whose bare bones Polanski and scriptwriter Robert Towne have hung *Chinatown*'s sagging flesh, is Hawks' *The Big Sleep*. J. J. is Marlowe, Evelyn is Vivian Stearnwood, and Noah Cross (John Huston) is a malevolent version of Vivian's eccentric father. When the rich dame who has hired him tries to buy J. J. off the case just as Vivian tried to buy off Marlowe, J. J. won't be bought because, like Marlowe, he's upset about being made a chump. As in Hawks' film, so here, we go all the way to the end trying to figure out whether the dame is on the up and up, and the plot we encounter along the way is, very much in *The Big Sleep*'s style, impossible to follow. Even using a Chinese motif to add an exotic touch is straight out of Hawks' film, where the murder scene to which Marlowe so often returns is decorated in *chinoiserie*.

Chinatown isn't quite a shaggy dog story, though, because it does have a punch line. J. J. delivers the punches and Evelyn delivers the lines. The scene occurs when J. J. discovers Evelyn trying to skip town with the girl he originally exposed her husband for having an affair with. Who *is* that girl, J. J. demands to know. "My sister," Evelyn replies. But J. J. doesn't believe that and starts slapping her around to get at the truth. "My daughter," Evelyn tries now, changing her tack. Still unconvinced, J. J. slaps her around some more, so she goes back to "My sister," and this starts the whole cycle over again. After about ten rounds of this Evelyn finally tries to have it both ways, which is essentially what Polanski has been trying to do too. The whole movie is an attempt both to hint that Polanski is still a serious, original stylist and to make a commercial hit no matter how derivative and trendy. Like that scene where J. J. tries to get the truth out of Evelyn, the entire film is a bunch of contradictory impressions alternated with outbursts of sex and violence.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

PERIODICALS, said the late Frank Luther Mott, historian of American magazines, "furnish an invaluable contemporaneous history of their times." They do, indeed, and that is why alert students of the national scene will welcome Professor Van Allen's highly readable account of *Commonweal's* first half century. It clearly rises above the stereotype for doctoral dissertations, its original form at Temple University, even if it may not, as one writer claimed, "read like a novel." At the risk of seeming utterly humorless, I would add, it was not meant to do so; it is history, not fiction. Save for a few minor slips, e.g., those two formidable churchmen, John Ireland and Michael Curley, were *archbishops*, the work is virtually free of factual errors, it carries a useful index, and seventeen pages of notes testify to the author's thorough research and careful scholarship. This last point is the more remarkable when one reads the appalling statement that, "due to limited office space, all but the most recent five years of correspondence files of the magazine have been disposed of" (p. v). I could name a half dozen institutions that would have eagerly found the necessary space among their manuscript collections if they had been asked. The editors will, I trust, forgive a suggestion prompted by professional duty, that before they decide on another house cleaning, they convey their files to the safe embrace of a waiting archivist. They owe this to American Catholic history, a cause they have otherwise served so well.

Born a week after Calvin Coolidge's election into a bumpstiously prosperous United States seemingly unshaken by the Teapot Dome indictments of the previous summer, *Commonweal* and the *Saturday Review* made their debut about the same time. With the exception of the ill-starred lay trustee movement of the early 1800's and the unsatisfactory attempts at lay congresses later in the same century, this was the American Catholic laity's most

MONSIGNOR JOHN TRACY ELLIS is Professor of Church History in the University of San Francisco.

COMMONWEAL AT 50

A Golden Jubilee In American Catholic Thought

JOHN TRACY ELLIS

ambitious undertaking, and to date it remains the most successful one. From the outset it was made clear by the founding fathers, the Calvert Associates led by Michael Williams, that this was a laymen's venture in which, however, the clergy's moral, literary and financial support would be warmly welcomed, and not only the Catholic clergy but that of the clergy and laity of every religious denomination or of none. For the journal was undoubtedly an ecumenical pioneer whose universality of view irked some conservative Catholics,

The Commonweal and American Catholicism: The Magazine, the Move- ment, the Meaning

RODGER VAN ALLEN

Fortress Press, Paper, \$4.50

but not—and this is one of the book's surprises—Cardinal O'Connell of Boston who proved a source of strength in the early years.

Obviously, the main audience to which *Commonweal* was directed, and from which it anticipated its chief support, was the American Catholic community. At the time of founding they numbered 18,500,000 with 98 bishops, and over 23,000 priests—the *Official Catholic Directory* did not tabulate the sisters in those days. If in 1924 Catholics constituted numerically a body that could be ignored, they still carried about them something of the air of a "*gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day," as Newman described the English Catholics in "The Second Spring." Psychologically, they were in

good measure as yet living apart from their fellow countrymen, aware that although the proscriptions that had inhibited their forebears were now greatly mitigated, they were by no means inoperative. For many Catholics the prolonged ordeal in that summer of 1924 of the Democratic party's Madison Square Garden convention in which the Presidential nomination was withheld from Alfred E. Smith, was a fresh reminder of their situation *vis-à-vis* a powerful sector of the body politic.

To be a magazine is one thing, to be a journal of opinion is something else. From the outset *Commonweal* espoused the latter, a category to the requirements of which it has ever since remained true. No journal of opinion can escape controversy; in fact, if it is serious about fidelity to its purpose, it does not wish to do so, for opinions on every significant topic are notoriously varied and constantly changing, and it is a journal's business to reflect them. First, however, if there should be basic differences within its own household, it must resolve them so that it may present a united editorial front, for it could not get very far simultaneously in opposite directions! On the whole *Commonweal* has had substantial success in this regard, but on two occasions the internal strain became too sharp and brought breaks from the editorial company, e.g., in 1937 when George Shuster's critical attitude toward the Franco regime in Spain compelled that honest man to take his departure, and again in 1968 when Edward Skillin—the longest serving of *Commonweal's* leading personalities (1934)—and James O'Gara differed funda-

mentally with Daniel Callahan *et al.*, who thought *Commonweal* should content itself with a more tenuous Catholic connection and move out into the wider realm of secular concerns. If in both instances the strain was real, the severance was apparently accomplished with a decent regard for the amenities of mutual respect and forbearance.

To read *Commonweal's* history is to review the principal issues that since 1924 have engaged both Church and State, as it is to call the roll of many—though not all—of the Catholic celebrities of those decades. As for the issues, one way to test a journal's editorial wisdom, as well as the soundness and perception of its contributors, is to pose the question: What today is the prevailing definitive judgment that time's perspective has shed on the issues that sharply divided people a half century or even a decade ago? Measured by that norm, *Commonweal's* record has, I think, been an impressive one. Put in another way, the responsible people would not, it seems to me, be uneasy were there applied to them the implications contained in Lord Acton's remark to his Cambridge students when he said:

I exhort you never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong.

This is not to suggest that *Commonweal's* position has in the sequel invariably proven right, for like every human agency it too has made its mistakes, e.g., support of American intervention in Vietnam in the early stages, a position which it later reversed, however, when it became a vehement and persistent critic of the Johnson and Nixon Administrations' policies in that tortured land. Yet there would be few now, I suspect, who would question the journal's opposition of the 1930s to participation in the Berlin Olympics as a rebuke to Nazi tyranny, to the anti-Semitism of Father Charles E. Cough-

lin and *Social Justice*, the paper with which he was identified, to the exposure of Catholic racism during the 1940s at Saint Louis University, in the Archdiocese of Chicago, and elsewhere, and to *Commonweal's* vigorous repudiation in the 1950s of the tactics of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and his reckless charges of Communist sympathies hurled against so many.

These editorial positions were not calculated to endear the journal to a large and articulate body of their conservative coreligionists, and it was in the midst of these controversies that there arose from that sector the unflattering expression, 'Commonweal Catholic,' which carried a dual imputation of doctrinal unsoundness and disloyalty to the Church. Yet in only the single instance of Michael Williams' strong espousal of the Franco regime after George Shuster had gone was there what one might term an editorial *volte face* in deference to a critical outcry from the Catholic community. In other words *Commonweal* stood its ground regardless of loss of patronage, for there were repeated disappointments which followed that of 1933 when appeals for support sent to around 29,000 priests brought 200 replies with donations totaling \$1,200!

Nor was it solely a matter of those public issues which *Commonweal* saw fit to oppose. The issues which it championed were often found equally offensive. In a Catholic community whose varied forms of isolationism colored its thinking down to the 1960s, *Commonweal's* espousal of causes such as that of liturgical reform so singularly advanced by Virgil Michel, O.S.B., of Saint John's Abbey, of the necessity for disarmament and arbitration between nations as promoted by the tiny but persistent Catholic Association for International Peace numbering Monsignor John A. Ryan, Elizabeth B. Sweeney *et al.*, and of the programs of social justice and pacifism fostered by the Catholic Worker Movement of Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, were for many alienating factors that not only held down subscriptions but were frequently given as justification for

name-calling such as 'radical,' 'liberal,' and 'Communist.' Once again, it seems to me, a fair test of the validity of *Commonweal's* positions during the years since 1924 might be reckoned by the answer that the American Catholics of 1974, along with their associates and friends of other religious groups would give to the question: On which side of these once hotly debated issues would you, in the light of history, cast your vote?

If it is true that of late Americans have been showing a nostalgia for the 1930s, Mr. Van Allen has here provided further grist for their mill with skillful analysis of *Commonweal's* intellectual trends during that decade. In fact, it is tempting to extend these comments on that and other decades of the journal's half century, but the temptation must be surmounted in the interest of space. Let me conclude, therefore, with an incident that occurred in 1953 which the author says was "unique in the magazine's history" (p. 123), and which stirred more than one strain of memory for me. In the radically changed atmosphere of 1974 the episode may seem to some quaint, if not semi-comic, but it was of major significance at the time.

Briefly, it pertained to an address given by Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani, then Secretary of the Holy Office, in which he maintained that a Catholic state had the obligation to grant special privileges to the Catholic Church as the one true church, and by the same token to restrict the religious activities of non-Catholic groups. What lent particular pertinence on this side of the Atlantic was the Cardinal's veiled allusion to certain 'liberal' Catholics of the United States who advocated a religiously neutral position by civil governments. The *New York Times* highlighted the Ottaviani address in a front page story on July 23, which prompted *Commonweal* to carry an editorial two weeks later, written by John Cogley, in which a defense was made of the American system of separation of Church and State, a service which brought the threat of a heresy trial from the editor of a Catholic diocesan weekly with

which *Commonweal* was frequently at odds.

The editorial of August 7 was clear, forthright and sensible, embodying views to which virtually every American Catholic subscribed. Needless to say, it had no influence in changing the mind of the curial Cardinal, nor was it able to improve the position of Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., whose scholarly writings and lectures on relations of Church and State had made him the ranking authority on the subject. Father Murray's superiors had banned him from all further activity in that area, a restriction that remained in force until in 1963 Cardinal Spellman rectified the theologian's exclusion from Vatican Council II by naming him a *peritus*. Ultimately he was more than vindicated when as principal author of the Declaration on Religious Freedom he witnessed the promulgation of that important document by Pope Paul VI in December, 1965.

It was an issue that had plagued Catholics in the United States from the beginning of their organized religious life in 1790 when John Carroll took over as first Bishop of Baltimore. While *Commonweal* showed an awareness of that history, it ventured only occasionally into this theological thicket, but always with unvarying support for the American system. It was one of the few theological problems of those years about which I felt keenly. In an effort to probe for some kind of helpful formula by which Catholics in this country could live at ease with their fellow citizens, I eagerly accepted the offer of a priest acquaintance to be of service during his forthcoming extended stay at Rome. At his request I supplied a copy of the 1948 statement of John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, in which the latter had maintained that Catholics would be the last people in the United States ever to seek a union of Church and State. After several months I had a letter, dated February 28, 1953, in which my Roman correspondent stated he was enclosing the response he had received from Michael Browne, O.P. (d. 1971), then a consultor of the Holy Office,

later a Cardinal and second-in-command to Cardinal Ottaviani. I shall never forget the discouragement with which I read Browne's analysis of the McNicholas statement. Noting that the Bishops had an obligation to bring about a union of Church and State, he declared:

The Catholic Bishops perhaps are not making such endeavors explicitly, but as it is Catholic doctrine that there should be *union* . . . between Church and State, it must be taken for granted that the Catholic Bishops are implicitly endeavoring that this should one day come about after a perfect fashion.

Paul Blanshard, whose name appears more than once in the Van Allen book, could not have asked for more!

In conclusion the thought comes to mind that the journal of opinion whose first fifty years have provided Rodger Van Allen with the subject of his book has merited a more generous support

than it has received. For allowing for the mistakes that inevitably accompany an enterprise of this kind, the implication of the journal's title has been substantially fulfilled. It has served the 'commonweal,' often with uncommon courage and always with fidelity to truth as the editors have seen it. In so doing *Commonweal* has played a notable part in the unfolding of both the ideals nurtured by the Catholic Church and those contained within the best traditions of American democracy. Thus there has been achieved what Dante had in mind when he counseled in the opening lines of *De Monarchia*:

All men on whom the Higher Nature has stamped the love of truth should especially concern themselves in laboring for posterity, in order that future generations may be enriched by their efforts, as they themselves were made rich by the efforts of generations past.

EDMUND PENNANT

QUESTIONS

Mother and child have left me
to search the evening beach
for death's exquisite trinkets.

I sit on a throne of sand
and watch the planet grow dim
about them; their voices thin.

What is our business here,
on shores so whitely littered
with death's cancelled receipts?

They will return from the seething
life-giving sea with adornments
to be admired in lamplight.

What did you do all alone
while we were collecting shells?
I listened to death's breathing.

26 July 1974: 408

AMERICA'S POOR LAWS

NICOLAUS MILLS

From Poor Law to Welfare State: A History of Social Welfare in America

WALTER I. TRATTNER

Free Press, \$9

Down and Out in the USA: A History of Social Welfare

LUCY KOMISAR

New Viewpoints, \$3.95 (paper)

It is no coincidence, I believe, that over the last few years we have had so many good books—ones as different in subject as Jeremy Brecher's *Strike!*, Colin Greer's *The Great School Legend*, David Rothman's *The Discovery of the Asylum*—that have sought to provide us with a new history of the formal and informal structures of American society. For while the political turmoil of the 1960s failed to satisfy the hopes it aroused, what it did make clear was that the problems besetting America had roots of enormous depth: roots that needed to be seen in a far different perspective than liberal or consensus historians were prepared to offer. This concern with a different kind of American history lies behind two recent books on welfare in the United States, Walter Trattner's *From Poor Law to Welfare State: A History of Social Welfare in America* and Lucy Komisar's *Down and Out in the USA: A History of Social Welfare*. Unfortunately, both books are a disappointment, not merely because the history they provide is so skimpily presented but because the transition they make from past to present welfare injustices follows such worn lines. Anyone interested in gaining perspective on the welfare dilemmas of the 1970s would be better off with Frances Fox Piven's and Richard Cloward's three-year-old study, *Regulating the Poor: The Functions of Public Welfare*, or

Christopher Jencks' long essay, "Alternatives to Welfare," in the 1974 winter issue of *Working Papers*.

In the case of Walter Trattner's *From Poor Law to Welfare State*, we are warned at the start that his history is not intended to be "definitive or comprehensive." "I have tried mainly to assemble, assimilate, and synthesize the literature that already exists in the field," Trattner writes in his preface. Yet Trattner's caveat is a partial disclaimer, no more. For as he acknowledges, his aim is to compensate for the fact that "there is no interpretative history of social welfare in America from the colonial period to the present," and such an undertaking is not minor. Where Trattner is most successful is in providing an outline of the history of welfare. He moves with great facility from the English poor laws of the sixteenth century, up through the New Deal legislation of the 1930s, and even has a chapter on such recent proposals as President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan. There is scarcely an event that Trattner fails to touch on, and on occasion he is particularly sensitive to the ironies of welfare in America—noting, for example, how the American Revolution, by fostering the belief that poverty need not exist, encouraged a harsh and suspicious view of the poor. But most often Trattner's approach to welfare consists in pointing up such familiar contradictions as Herbert Hoover's approval of a \$45 million bill to feed the stricken livestock of Arkansas farmers and his opposition to a measure adding a \$25 million appropriation for aid to the farmers themselves. The result is that, even when we allow for the brevity of *From Poor Law to Welfare State*, what remains is thin and frequently misleading.

Trattner is forever presenting examples of progress that were barely progress at all. Thus, in speaking of the settlement house movement of the late nineteenth century, he calls it a case of "democracy in principle and in action" and refers to the settlement house workers as "fraternalistic not paternalistic." Yet nothing could be more dubious than such a generalization. If it holds true for Jane Addams at a certain stage in her career, it fails to describe the numerous college-educated youth who approached settlement work with a missionary zeal or the way in which settlements, like the Educational Alliance in New York, were run by established groups (the German Jews of the city) with the specific intent of Americanizing new arrivals (Russian Jews) whom they felt threatened by and superior to.

Moreover, when Trattner tries to present the dark side of welfare developments, he rarely gets to their core. In analyzing the New Deal, for example, he is able to pinpoint those opposing it and many of the inadequacies of such measures as Social Security. But Trattner never thoroughly explores how the Roosevelt Administration was reluctant to provide relief *except* as a way of halting social disorder. We get little discussion on his part of how after 1935 F.D.R. followed the familiar welfare pattern of moving from direct relief, to work relief (at substandard pay), to a cut in work relief—so that by 1938 the country went through a major recession that saw the loss of five million jobs.

By contrast, Lucy Komisar is most at home in dealing with the dark side of welfare "progress." As she writes in her conclusion to *Down and Out in the USA*, "The American poor law has hardly changed in spirit from its antecedents. Beggars are no longer

branded, nor are children sold by the dozen to manufacturers, yet poverty is still looked on by many as a personal failure, and dependence on government welfare is enough to cancel out anyone's right to dignity and the kind of decent living conditions the country can easily afford." Regrettably, the brevity of *Down and Out* never gives Komisar a chance to develop properly the views she states with such passion. What we have instead are flashes of insight and bitterness. We see the American West not as a haven for the poor, but, as shown by an 1809 Michigan law penalizing anyone for bringing a pauper into the Territory, capable of the same hostility as seventeenth-century Plymouth, which required ship captains to return indigent passengers to their place of origin. Similarly, Komisar argues that Theodore Roosevelt's heralded 1909 Conference on Dependent Children was much less a high water mark in welfare than an indication that the government, to quote from the official statement of the Conference, still believed support for such children should come "from private charity, not from the public." Most importantly, Komisar does not lose perspective as she gets close to the present. In contrast to men like Daniel Moynihan and Michael Harrington, who urged support of President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan because of the precedent it established, Komisar presents F. A. P. as one more welfare hoax, a sophisticated embodiment of the President's assertion that "any work is preferable to welfare."

Flashes of insight do not, however, make a book; nor do they compensate for Komisar's reliance on the familiar litany against welfare: that it is insufficient, that it is prejudiced against women and blacks, that the welfare workers themselves are uncaring. In 1974 we need a history—especially one intended for popular consumption—that does more. Indeed, this need is made all the more urgent because so many historical questions about welfare are capable of affecting current welfare strategy. To be specific, we

need to know more about why so many working poor have come to accept the stigma of welfare to the point where they will not even collect wage supplements they are entitled to. (In the late 1960s only 15,000 of the 150,000 working people eligible for wage supplements in New York City actually collected them. Cloward and Piven report that, when told of their rights, most of these men were not interested in applying for the money.) We need a better understanding of why in this century the Left has continually argued for improved welfare in charity terms and by-passed the question of minimum wages. (In inner cities today 60 percent of the work force has jobs that pay below the Department of Labor classification of a decent standard of living.) Finally, we require improved perception of what has prevented alliances between all those on government assistance. (Why, for example, have those receiving welfare, which now totals \$22.4 billion or two percent of the national income, not been able to improve their position through more quid pro quo dealing with those receiving government support, now up to \$77.3 billion, in the form of tax breaks on mortgages and capital gains or payments for not planting crops?) Until we get a serious perspective on these questions, we are bound to get incomplete histories of welfare—something better than a chronicle but short of a truly analytical account.

Crossings

EARL ROVIT

Harcourt, \$7.95

MARK TAYLOR

The surface of Earl Rovit's third novel, *Crossings*, is intricate and splendidly original. The book can be begun, literally, from either end, allowing the reader to experience the events of a single day from either of two directions. Each of four major characters has a chance to describe these events as they appear to him or her, so the act of reading *Crossings*

becomes a process of making judgments and then balancing, modifying, and correcting them as new reports come in from elsewhere, reports that are equally true but equally prejudiced and thus never quite a confirmation, though rarely an explicit contradiction, of what one has been led to believe. But since the book starts at both ends, two narratives unfold simultaneously in opposite directions, meaning, in a way, that there are really two books here, and emphasizing, in each reader's irreversible choice of which one to read, the relentless consequences of choice, and even of belief in choice, within the novel itself.

These particulars of design ally *Crossings* with much of the most ambitious contemporary fiction, which seeks to blur its identity as fiction by actively involving the reader in the novelistic process, making him a character in the work, and a force in its eventual outcome. It would be a mistake, however, to insist too strongly on the experimental, post-modernist nature of *Crossings*, for not only does it develop a complex historical theme, but beneath its glittering surface are the enduring rhythms of literature, and of myth, that resist ultimate isolation and reductive categorization.

August 12, 1886, is far from a random day in the life of Mayhew Enfield, a Connecticut minister, and his family: on it, his young daughter-in-law Clovis gives birth to a baby girl; on it Mayhew himself is confronted by the elders of his congregation, who make him choose between a vulgar modernization of the church building and the loss of his ministry; and on it Mayhew and Clovis' husband Prentiss may finally bridge the gulf that has so long separated them. Behind these events, and twenty-one years before them, stands the death of Mayhew's first-born son Mason, the central fact of the novel, a fact given archetypal resonance by the magnitude of the loss it has entailed for the family and, symbolically, by its completing the tragic pattern of nineteenth-century America. Mason's death has the same actual and metaphoric prominence in *Crossings* that the death

of Leopold Bloom's little son Rudy has in James Joyce's *Ulysses*: both deaths occur long before the main action of their novels, both rive husband from wife and parent from remaining child, and both initiate the father's quest for regenerative union with a second or surrogate son.

Though not so arrantly libidinous as Molly Bloom, Elizabeth Enfield, Mayhew's wife, almost immediately displaced her grief over Mason's death by an affair with a man several years younger than she. The alliance continues in 1886, but whereas Elizabeth could once tell herself (though in tones always approaching hysteria) that "I can't be all that bad if I'm able to make two wonderful men completely happy," she is now consumed by loathing and contempt for those about her: for her unresponsive, inarticulate son Prentiss; for her coarse and shallow lover, whom she represents in her imagination as a swine; and, paradoxically, for Mayhew because he is so much better, nobler, a man than the lover, she knows, or than anyone else in town, and yet he cannot or will not reach out to Elizabeth and make her his. Most of all Elizabeth despises herself and the cruel life that has made her cruel. "Ever since little Mason, that muted spasm—to remind her that she, a young unbroken girl, had carried her babe for nine months in order to rock him from the new pine cradle to a new, pitifully small, pine coffin. It didn't *do*—it had never done—for her to think of little Mason." But she cannot avoid thinking of him.

Painfully aware of the fragility of all social and familial bonds, and in small ways (at least) more heroic than Elizabeth, is Mayhew Enfield, safely called the novel's protagonist despite the equal time allotted to the others. As a young man Mayhew had possessed great scholarly and creative promise; he read widely in many languages classical and modern, he wrote verse endlessly, and he took copious notes towards his great projected work *The Natural History of the Intellect and the Religious Affections*. Mason's death put paid to all that, leaving May-

hew only with certain abstract modes of thought and expression and an intellectual comprehensiveness that make it easy, when he objects to the proposed refurbishing of his church, for the elders to accuse him of a highbrowism that their small community would be better off without.

They would indict him for refusing to change with the times and being out of touch with the common man, but it is all a lie. What they want is a minister who will "talk about the sweet Jesus and the good works and the salvation in the sky that was just sitting there to welcome a prosperous and God-fearing community," as Elizabeth puts it, and what they have is a man who would be the Christian conscience of a community that grew fat on the Civil War. Mayhew does not judge others, but to the townspeople his presence is intolerable proof of their complacency and cupidity. Far from being old-fashioned, ironically, Mayhew has always been adored by the younger men among his parishioners, those who fought in the Civil War or grew up in its shadow, who have seen man's inhumanity to man, and desire a moral force that would have it otherwise.

The Civil War is Mason's death writ large; indeed, Mason died in the war's last year, and Mayhew's older brother, also named Mason, was killed in the war. The first threatened a nation with dissolution, and the second, a family. Mayhew sees the two events, macrocosmically and microcosmically, as the inevitable, and only, satisfactions of the human craving for design and pattern, the shaping of a mass into a structure whose end denies its beginning. Thinking of little Mason, "Mayhew saw that small death as the tiny capping gravestone on a finished cemetery. . . . The war storm had coursed up from the South and the West and that withering wind had blighted whatever it touched. It had wrenched our century from praise to lamentation. . . . Little Mason's small white coffin was the high-water mark in the low earth—the last gasp of flame in an airless void."

MRS. BLUE SAW RED!

Mrs. Blue sat in the moderator chair, presiding over a group of adult Catholics who were together to discuss various aspects of their Faith. This was just one of the adult education sessions going on in her parish; her group had asked her to be moderator since she was so well read. It wasn't until the meeting was underway that she realized many of these people did little reading about their Church and their Faith . . . very few even knew that there were so many Catholic Magazines from which to choose in order to keep up on trends, commentary and opinion!

Well Mrs. Blue saw red! She decided then and there that discussion did not make much sense if people didn't have materials to read. How can you keep informed . . . how can you have intelligent discussion . . . if everyone isn't up on the latest views? She talked to one of the priests about the Unified Magazine Program which offers 15 top Catholic Magazines—a wide range of thought and approach—on a no-risk basis. He said they would like to have this program but everyone seemed so busy—who would take care of it? Mrs. Blue volunteered right then. She contacted the Program, learned about the magazines being offered, about the 20% discount, about the payment for only sold copies, about the simple billing form—figured out that she need only devote about two hours a week to this project, that's all, and sent in an order to start her parish off with 8 of the 15 available magazines!

Now she sees parishioners buying the magazines from the rack . . . sees them take the payment envelopes so they can pay when they make their regular weekly contributions . . . now listens to them in discussion groups really speak out about the various sides of an issue! What a great feeling.

How about you? Want to bring current Catholic magazines to your fellow parishioners? Write to the Unified Magazine Program today . . . we'll send you information on the Program. Read about the 15 magazines available through the program: America, Catholic Digest, Commonweal, Critic, Family Digest, The Lamp, Liguorian, Marriage, New Catholic World, Our Sunday Visitor, St. Anthony Messenger, Sign, Triumph, U.S. Catholic, Way.

WRITE: Unified Magazine Program, 400 Sette Drive, Paramus, New Jersey 07652 . . . just say you want information on the UMP Program!

These are Mayhew's reflections on August 12th, but with the emblematically significant events of that day arrives the *possibility* of a larger pattern, to which the War and Mason's death are subsumed, moving to its own completion, to an end where hope is restored and lives are renewed. It is a matter of deliberate ambiguity whether this possibility is realized, for its completion depends both on Mayhew's perceptions of it and—as we are reminded again of the novel's simultaneous narratives—on *our* perceptions of his perceptions of it, whether or not they are qualified by what we have or have not then read. In any event, active participation in the conclusion(s) of *Crossings* is but one of many joys that await the very large audience this wonderful book deserves.

Faulkner: A Biography

JOSEPH BLOTNER

Random House, \$25

TOM McHANEY

He made the books and he died. He was the best of his time.

These words would have satisfied William Faulkner as a substitute for the biography he repeatedly claimed he did not want. They are essentially his own words about himself, and they are accurate beyond any doubt. But we want more. Even those who find him best where he knew himself to be—in his books—want to know where this fierce creative spirit came from, what it touched and what touched it; what it loved and what loved it; we want to know how William Faulkner lived out his days and made his books.

Our immediate curiosity should be satisfied with the long biography by Professor Joseph Blotner, who put himself up for authorized biographer and labored a dozen years to produce an even-toned, detailed, generally accurate chronicle of Faulkner's years and hours. In two volumes he brings us from old Colonel W. C. Falkner, the ill-fated lawyer, duelist, novelist, Civil War hero and railroad builder who founded the

clan's fortunes in Mississippi in the early nineteenth century, to the death of the great-grandson who changed the spelling of the name and immeasurably enlarged its fame beyond Mississippi's borders by also changing the face of twentieth century fiction. Volume One goes to 1935 when William Faulkner's youngest brother, Dean, was killed barnstorming in an airplane William had given him (not long after Faulkner had written his novel of doomed barnstormers, *Pylon*). Volume Two begins with Dean's funeral—William put on his brother's monument words he had used for young John Sartoris' grave in his 1929 family chronicle novel, *Sartoris*—and it closes with William Faulkner's funeral in July 1962. There are many illustrations, copious notes, and an index.

Beginning with Faulkner's birth in 1897, the interval of almost 65 years which most concerns us does not constitute exactly a long and happy life. As he often said of his books, William Faulkner could probably do it better if he had it to do over again, but he knew there were no second chances and he dealt manfully and imaginatively with the chance he had. It was almost never easy, given the talent he knew he possessed and what he wanted to do with it. Faulkner was not quick to find himself. He was favored, while he searched, with a strong belief in his own genius (not borne out by his earliest work in poetry or short fiction) and with a few intelligent good friends and relations who encouraged him, who gave him books, and who endured his harmless poses when he used the way he dressed or talked about himself to display the uniqueness later affirmed by the books. Among his associates in the literary marketplace—including publishers, magazine editors, agents, reviewers, readers and motion-picture executives—he was not always so fortunate, though he was not without loyal and helpful people in each category.

Faulkner's family background and apprenticeship have been available before, though piecemeal. Blotner reveals little that a person seriously interested in Faulkner could not have learned

from published reminiscences by his two brothers and his townsmen and from contemporary scholarship. Still, Blotner sets straight parts of the record and provides detailed accounts of many episodes heretofore only sketched. For instance, Phil Stone, the Oxford friend who helped a young and poetical Faulkner, once claimed he had tried to teach Faulkner to punctuate, a statement that supported the mistaken view of Faulkner as an untutored provincial. But, as Blotner shows, in a time when grammar, syntax and punctuation were taught seriously and thoroughly in secondary schools, William Faulkner was a perennial honor student (who completed the 11th, not the 7th grade as he often boasted; who attended a reasonably tough RAF ground school in Toronto; who took college courses at the University of Mississippi after the war; who read and retained an enormous amount of fiction and poetry at an early age). Other misconceptions are corrected, though nothing too remarkable emerges, and this part of Faulkner's life may be rewritten in more detail; Carvel Collins of Notre Dame, who began earlier than Blotner to study this period, has announced his long-awaited biography, now from Farrar, Straus & Giroux, for 1975 or '76.

Detailed accounts of Faulkner's professional years, beginning with the publication of his first novel in 1926, are what we have lacked, however, and here Blotner helps the most. He chronicles the dedication, the hard work, the frustration of Faulkner's great creative period (to 1941), the appalling Hollywood years which overlap (1933-1945), the years of recovery and fame. The evidence makes it clear that Faulkner was primarily a novelist, not a writer of short stories, and that the matter of Yoknapatawpha County sprang almost full-blown into Faulkner's imagination at the very beginning of its exploration; it only waited for Faulkner to find the form that interested him for each novel and to work until he got the form and matter right. (*The Reivers* [1962], which some have erroneously called the "Golden Book" which Faulkner said he might

write at the end of his career, was outlined to an editor as early as 1940.)

Faulkner's letters, most of them used for the first time, make the great difference in what Blotner can show. They carry us behind the books and behind the masks set to keep critics and a curious public away. Blotner uses much more information, including details from the family and from professional associates; but, writing an authorized family biography for the publisher which still issues Faulkner's books, he is so delicately tactful with some of his informants that we may not have as full and candid a portrait as is possible. He has not used all the letters available to him, I suspect, nor quoted fully from the ones he has used. Doubtless there is information which he lacks or chooses not to use, as in brief and cryptic references to a friend of Faulkner's named Meta Rebner. As with the early life, there will be corrections and further revelations about Faulkner in years to come.

Driven by his genius, tortured with a propensity to heavy drink, harried constantly by money and family problems, and occasionally victimized—sometimes, to be sure, through his own ineptitude in business matters and sometimes through his generosity and sense of honor—Faulkner reveals himself in his letters, as in the following passage written during the last Babylonian Captivity in Hollywood:

Beginning at the age of thirty I, an artist, a sincere one and of the first class, who should be free even of his own economic responsibilities and with no moral conscience at all, began to become the sole, principal and partial support—food, shelter, heat, clothes, medicine, kotex, school fees, toilet paper and picture shows—of my mother, an inept brother and his wife and two sons, another brother's widow and child, a wife of my own and two step children, my own child; I inherited my father's debts and his dependents, white and black without inheriting yet from anyone one inch of land or one stick of furniture or one cent of money; the

only thing I ever got for nothing, after the first pair of long pants I received (cost: \$7.50) was the \$300.00 O. Henry prize last year. I bought without help from anyone the house I live in and all the furniture; I bought my farm the same way. I am 42 years old and I have already paid for four funerals and will certainly pay for one more . . . before I ever come to my own.

As Blotner says, it is an exaggeration, but not by much. Faulkner probably realized he sounded like Jason Compson in *The Sound and the Fury*, whom he had created more than a decade earlier. His life and his art were always running together, as is often the case with writers. Though he was, by all reports, frequently a difficult man to live with, his invective—like Twain's colorful cursing—was in part a facet of his artistry. The man who advised ruthlessness, claiming the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" was worth any number of old ladies, gave his time and his money, even when he could least afford to yield any of either, whenever friends or family needed him, including any number of old ladies. He still managed to write more good books and stories than any English-speaking author of the twentieth century.

Ironically, these books and stories are partially absent from Blotner's biography. He summarizes their plots dutifully, and at too great length; he shows how Faulkner borrowed from himself and foreshadowed work to come. But he provides very few insights into the work as imaginative literature. Imagination—a prime ingredient in the Faulkner who turned so much of his physical and emotional life into art—is the chief missing ingredient in the biography. There are too many bland recitations of daily affairs. At this stage, however, that is probably all right. Joseph Blotner worked hard and long; in the end, he was not overwhelmed by the material which modern research methods brought him; he put it all together, dealing with a variety of opinionated people without offending anyone, and he got the job finished and published. He did a fair job, and we should be grateful.

Commonweal: 413

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 395)

seem to need such terms as Afro-American, Marxist-Leninist, and Anglo-Irish; they provide names for difficult but real dynamic complexes, in which intellectual interpenetration, historic injustice, and commitment that questions itself find a place. Among such terms, "Judaean-Christian" is perhaps the most useful of all; the conflicts associated with it have been the most unforgivable of our age, and the continuities of which it speaks have

CONTEXT—six-page newsletter for an ecumenical audience, by Dr. Martin E. Marty. Time-saving, "inside" summary of religious and social news . . . a rich source of ideas for sermons, programs, classes. Twenty-two issues yearly for \$16.95, by First Class Mail. No risk offer: You may cancel on receipt of invoice. Your first issue is waiting.

Write CONTEXT, Dept. 4, 221 W. Madison St., Chicago, IL 60606.

Classified

RATES: 50c a word, one time; 48c, three times; 45c, seven times; 42c, thirteen times. Twelve words minimum. For box numbers add 50c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Attitudes

CONSERVE MENTAL ENERGY! Try ADVENTURES IN ATTITUDES, 9056 La Riviera Dr., Sacramento, Calif. 95826. (916) 362-1621.

Workshop

QUAKER SPONSORED: Encounter Group with religious orientation, August 18-25. Details: Director, POWELL HOUSE, Old Chatham, N.Y. 12136.

Newsweekly

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., \$1. GUARDIAN, Dept. CW, 33 W. 17th St., New York, N.Y. 10011. (Full year \$12.50, student \$7.50).

Amnesty

AMNESTY BRACELET with war resister's name, silver plate, \$5.00 donation. SAFE RETURN, 156 Fifth Ave., NYC 10010.

Vietnamese Prisoners

HELP THE MALTREATED political prisoners of the Saigon regime. The International Committee, Minnesota Council of Churches, supplies food to these prisoners and their families, medical treatment for victims of torture, etc. Address: 122 West Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

been the most informative in our culture.

PHILIP F. O'MARA
Tougaloo College

Reply

Obviously, Christianity shares theological premises with Judaism. Equally obvious is Christianity's Jewish cultural heritage. Whether our continued—and for many Catholics increasing—immersion in that heritage is desirable in a global society is another matter. Surely the statement of a recent pope that "Spiritually we are Semites" has the same implications as equating Catholicism with Latin or European culture, and mocks the attempt of such spiritual missionaries as Matteo Ricci and Thomas Merton to proclaim that Christ came to redeem all men—and women—as they are, in their own cultural identities. Surely Christianity is trans-cultural.

But the issue of how valid it is to speak of Judaeo-Christian values does

not turn on these points. The radical break between Judaism and Christianity stems from the fact that when the Messiah came He was poor, despised and crucified—a scandal to all attempts to reconcile virtue with prosperity, security, learning or success. The "tension" to which Mr. O'Mara refers is not simply between Christianity and other religions but also within Christians themselves as we—in our intellectual and personal lives—wrestle with the implications of Christ's life and message in confusion, fear and trembling. Rieff clearly recognizes and is repelled by the anti-social, anti-civilized aspects of the Gospel message, which are a challenge not only to Judaism but to us all.

VICTOR FERKISS

Work or Study?

Cape Breton, Canada

To the Editors: Joel C. Millonzi ["Work While You Study," April 12] has failed to mention one of the most significant

events in recent times with respect to the value of work. I refer to a decision of the U.S. Supreme Court that should be engraved in stone on the door of every ghetto high school in the country: *Griggs et al. vs. Duke Power Company* (39 LW 4319).

The decision, written by Chief Justice Burger, establishes "the inadequacy of broad and general testing devices as well as the infirmity of using diplomas or degrees as fixed measures of capability."

In other words, it is illegal to discriminate in hiring because of the lack of a diploma or failure to cream general tests. If a man can do the work, he should be hired (or can be hired) whether he has a diploma or not.

This does not exactly establish a "learning value" for work, but it does make it possible to value work as a learning experience without bringing work into the framework of an educational institution and giving people a diploma for it. It could allow the poor an alternative to the boredom of school without punishing them for their impatience or their poverty.

Mr. Millonzi's article struck a number of chords, some of them dissonant. I am not sure that he has correctly assessed the European "separation of the vocational from the academic." University education has indeed been "set aside from the workplace," but this does not necessarily imply a downgrading of the learning value of work. There is at least some survival of a tradition in which the academic is a vocation in itself. The student's only vocation could be study because man's only vocation is study.

This does not fit very well into the American scene. It implies that a university is a place for those with academic vocation, and that it is not a place for everyone.

This tradition has no doubt been distorted by another kind of elitism. University education has also included members of the leisured classes who had neither a vocation to study nor a need to work, as well as a growing tendency to use schools (and now even universities) as a safety valve for un-

What and Why

Through its own correspondents in various key centers and contributors from many countries, *Commonweal* keeps its subscribers in touch with meaningful world happenings. This July 26 issue highlights the magazine's approach through the years and its unique point of view.

Send coupon, or facsimile, for a trial subscription.



For New Subscribers Only

----- 17 Issues for \$3 -----

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

☐ I prefer a full-year subscription at \$15.

7-26-74

employment. Raising the school-leaving age has become a standard reaction to rising unemployment. Otherwise it may be assumed that the most important vocational training takes place on the job, rather than in any educational institution. It might be seriously maintained that this is still largely the case. But as Mr. Millonzi points out, this is marred by the fact that many jobs are as deadly as are the schools.

The schools are bad enough. Miriam Wasserman, in a book originally published four years ago, has written that

The schools of New York City—like schools throughout the nation—perform many functions besides the obvious one of training the young in a few rudimentary skills and conveying to them a smattering of superficial and frequently false information. Primarily they serve as a status-reinforcing institution. This is so at every level and in all their respects (*The School Fix*, Simon and Schuster, 1971, p. 10).

Perhaps more significant than the place afforded work in Chinese education today is the fact that formal education, as such, does not notably contribute to social status. It is not a source of privilege. They have sent academics to the countryside, and to the factories, to be "reeducated" by peasants and workers. The claim has been made that traditional academic education imposed limits on the imagination—and the competence—of those who engage in it. For example, it has tended to lock the minds of university-trained people into one approved way of solving problems.



REVIEWERS

NICOLAUS MILLS, a consultant at the ERIC Information Retrieval Center on the Disadvantaged at Teachers College, Columbia, is the author of *The Great School Bus Controversy* (Teachers College Press).

MARK TAYLOR teaches in the English Department at Manhattan College.

TOM MCHANEY, a Mississippian who teaches in Atlanta, has published a dozen short stories and numerous essays on William Faulkner.

It should also be noted that the Chinese, as a result of the cultural revolution, have cut drastically the amount of time dedicated to formal study on a university level—as well as reducing both primary and secondary education. Whether the separation of formal education and status will eventually re-open the way to the possibility of an academic vocation in the European sense remains to be seen. For the moment at least, all purely academic activity appears to be relegated to Marx's alienation of philosophy—China has no more room for a contemplative academic vocation than has the United States. Work takes precedence over philosophy.

Perhaps one of the best ways to enhance the learning value of work would be—as Mr. Millonzi mentions—to "alleviate the deadening effects of the workplace." But if this were done, much of formal education, particularly "vocational" education, would simply be unnecessary. It would be possible to break the school/college/university monopoly on status and job qualification.

This would undoubtedly bring about an increase in unemployment, including some teachers.

In the province of Ontario a Commission on Post-Secondary Education has recommended that "Legislation should be enacted to prevent discrimination in employment because of attendance or non-attendance at educational institutions" (*The Learning Society*, Toronto, 1973, p. 181). This has, of course, the same intention as does Griggs *et al.* vs. Duke Power Company. It could offer a better way to value the real experience of work than attempts to incorporate work into the institutionalized learning process, although both alternatives may have a place. The Chinese have done something like this; it is not necessarily those who have been through a secondary school who after six years of work may go to a University. And it could go far towards freeing formal education from the burden of deciding the status of citizens, to the exclusion of those who might well learn from work but are unable

to tolerate schools.

JORDAN BISHOP

Hanging in There

St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editors: In her article entitled "The Struggle Is for Justice" [May 24], Abigail McCarthy quotes Congressperson Martha Griffiths as follows: "Women are discriminated against in pension law, social security legislation, insurance legislation, . . ."

As an actuary, let me suggest to Congressperson Griffiths that she can remedy the above ills by introducing into Congress legislation that will prohibit women from living longer than men.

FRANKLIN C. SMITH



Michael Novak (Cont.)

Telly (short for Aristotle) Savalas is quite American; but he is also Greek. He does not live or work only with Greek Americans. He is not a model of the old ethnicity. But he conveys quite well on television something that Steve Aduato in Newark, Stan Franczyk in Buffalo, Paul Wrobel in Hamtramck, Barbara Mikulski in Baltimore, Gail Cincotta in Chicago, Father Tolczyk in Brooklyn, and scores of others are trying to do in actual and much besieged neighborhoods of our hard pressed cities. What happens to these white ethnic leaders—and to others who join them week by week—is the most important social barometer in our northeastern and north central states. Hardly anything is more central to the future of our cities, because what happens to them indicates what will happen to poor and working class populations of all our cultural traditions, white and black together.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.



If you watch closely enough how religion and the secular world affect each other, you'll be stimulated and encouraged to see that religion is still a much more vital force than is commonly recognized.

But news in this area is hard to find unless you read *CONTEXT*, the fortnightly newsletter (22 issues yearly) written by Martin E. Marty. It calls itself a "commentary on the interaction of religion and culture."

When the march of events in politics, economics and the larger culture impinges on religion, Dr. Marty takes note. When religion can be observed influencing the secular world in a new way, he reports that too. Along with the news, *CONTEXT* offers wise and witty comments.

Dr. Marty is probably the best qualified person in the country to undertake such reporting.

Long a prominent ecumenist, he has unique contacts in all churches. As associate dean of the University of Chicago divinity school and professor of the history of modern Christianity, he is on top of the latest developments in the academic world.

He is also associate editor of *Christian Century* magazine, author of more than 15 books and a widely traveled lecturer with knowledgeable friends everywhere.

With the eye of the trained historian, Dr. Marty reviews the news for items of lasting significance, trying to judge the present as history without waiting a hundred years for the answers to become known.

Out of his wide reading, study, and personal contacts, he distills six pages of highly readable news reports and insights every other week, especially for *CONTEXT* readers.

A typical issue may present key ideas from several new books and articles, call attention to events unreported by other publications, take issue or agree with new pastoral or theological trends, and point out social trends that religious people should encourage or rise up to combat.

CONTEXT is a true newsletter. It provides readers with "inside" information and advance knowledge. Much is reported and commented upon in *CONTEXT* before you can read about it anywhere else.

Subscribers to *CONTEXT* use it as a rich source of information and ideas for sermons and classes. Many pastors share it with assistants and lay associates to alert them to changing trends. Libraries value it as a concise and unduplicated resource much appreciated by patrons.

You can easily justify spending \$16.95 a year to subscribe to 22 issues of *CONTEXT*, for the time it can save you, for the access to information difficult to find elsewhere, for mental stimulation useful to you in all your work. Since speed is essential, *CONTEXT* comes to you via First Class mail.

You may be interested to know that *CONTEXT* subscribers include the religion news editors of many major newspapers and news magazines, who want to be sure they don't miss anything.

We don't want you to miss anything either. That's why we suggest that you complete the coupon below and mail it today, so we can begin sending *CONTEXT* to you as soon as possible.

Please send **Context** to me (22 issues yearly, \$16.95, via First Class mail).

I enclose

\$

My Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zipcode

--	--	--	--	--	--

C-515

Bill me later ☐

Context • DEPT. 1 • 221 WEST MADISON STREET • CHICAGO • IL • 60606

THE GOOD NEWS
IS THAT THERE'S
GOOD NEWS
ABOUT THE
GOOD NEWS